

Why shouldn't I be able to criticize people I don't like,  
the activities and values of people I don't like?  
They don't go out of their way to be fair to me  
or what I like. They don't come up to me  
and ask for copies of my recommended reading list.  
They don't solicit my opinion on anything, the morons.  
They must know they're great big morons.  
Stupid oafs. I hate the devil-flames on their cars.  
And their girlfriends with the small green eyes.  
Why should I feel guilty about being by their  
standards a snob and an intellectual?  
Is this 1957?  
Is this another homage to 1957?  
Weren't there any non-automotive aspects of 1957?

#### HER THINGS DON'T DEFINE HER

Mary was my sister  
with kangaroos on her crib, then  
at eleven wearing braces  
primitive, almost medieval  
she was terrified to smile  
but then the day  
the dentist took them off, what a change ...  
everyone suddenly accepted her at school  
she scratched bored flowers in lavender ink  
in her canvas loose-leaf binder  
getting cuter and cuter  
I remember mostly from pictures  
her eyes taking on that soft gleam  
of having learned something from doing it  
toying now with the idea of art school  
perceiving the world in slashes  
of pink and yellow pastel  
she went to Florence to study painting  
but all she showed us when she  
finally came home  
were these charcoal sketches  
sloppy and shiny  
I wish I could find them now  
but my mother threw everything out when she died  
and it made sense then  
we said to ourselves  
her things don't define her  
we ought to treat her things  
as if they're dead too.